



Alloa House.

Lento con Espressione

(C. Pedal fixed.)

The spring time re - turns And clothes the green plains, And Alloa shines more
cheerful and gay; The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains Sing mer - ri - ly
round me wher - e - ver I stray: But Sandy no more re - turns to my view; No
spring time me cheers no mu - sic can charm: He's gone and, I fear me, for
e - ver a dieu, a - dieu ev'ry pleasure this Bosom can warm.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo and expression markings are 'Lento con Espressione'. The piano part includes the instruction '(C. Pedal fixed.)'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The final system ends with a double bar line.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring time returns and clothes the green plains ;
 And ALLOA shines more cheerful and gay ;
 The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains
 Sing merrily round me, wherever I stray :
 But SANDY no more returns to my view ;
 No spring-time me cheers, no music can charm ;
 He's gone ! and, I fear me, for ever, adieu !
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm !

O ALLOA HOUSE ! how much art thou chang'd !
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove !
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas ! where to please me, my SANDY once strove !
 Here, SANDY, I heard the tales that you told ;
 Here listen'd too fond, whenever you sung ;
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold ?
 Or foolish believ'd a false, flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid ; when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress ;
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his NELLY address :
 My NELLY ! my fair ! I come ; O, my love,
 No pow'r shall tear thee again from my arms,
 And, NELLY ! no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love, be true ? she reply'd,
 And live I to meet my fond Shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that SANDY will make me his bride ?
 O NELLY ! I live to find thee still kind ;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
 Then adieu ! to all sorrow ; what soul's so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you ?